



TIMUR—AN EASTERN TALE.

Or patience and resignation illustrated and enforced.
By S. B. Esq.

ON the banks of the Araxes, near its source among the mountains of Arrarat, in the kingdom of Persia, lived Timur, the husbandman. He inhabited the dwelling of his ancestors, and sought his subsistence from an industrious cultivation of the earth—from the fish of the adjacent river—and the game of the surrounding mountains. While he pursued this course of life, his days glided on rapidly and with pleasure. He was awakened in the morning to labour, by the song of birds, and the breeze of fragrance fanned his sleeping moments. Health circled in his veins, and strength nerved his arm. On his cheek sat the rose of youth: and the diamonds brightness sparkled in his eye. His hours were spent without care, and his sleep was undisturbed by fear or remorse.

Thus lived Timur for a series of years: but the uniformity of his life began to grow irksome. He longed for some pretext, that would justify him in quitting his native place, and would introduce him to a more varied scene. The object he wished for soon arrived. He had retired from the toils of day to his cot—he was cooling himself beneath a shade, and eating his mid-day repast; when a stranger, who was attended, by camels and slaves, approached him, and enquired, whether he had any and what produce to dispose of. Timur wished to know what would be given in exchange: a number of articles, for use and ornament, were presented to his view. He bartered away unwrought silk—for silken garments: he exchanged his corn, and oil, and fruits, for trinkets and coins of silver and gold:—and the merchant and he parted, each believing himself the richer by the exchange. From this time onward, the aspiring mind of Timur was agitated by the prospects of wealth and the desire of grandeur. "Surely," said he to himself—"this merchant is far happier than I am: he traverses provinces with unbridled liberty—he beholds the finest scenes of nature, which various countries can present to the traveller's eye. He amasses wealth as he goes. He commands the respect of all who approach him. He is surrounded by slaves, who minister to his every want—and who even anticipate his wishes. He lives on the richest delicacies the earth can produce, and is clothed with the choicest vesture that art can prepare. What wish of his heart can he then have ungratified!—what addition can be made to his happiness! While I, confined to one narrow compass, am doomed to draw my support from the earth by the severity of labour. Unnoticed among my companions, and impatient of solitude, I cannot, I will not endure my present condition of life—I will break off the shackles of restraint, and rise to consequence or die in the attempt."

With this determination, Timur immediately converted his paternal inheritance into money—he procured himself camels, a couple of slaves, and a variety of country produce, and set out in quest of wealth and distinction. Heaven smiled on his every attempt. He traded for several years through various provinces of Persia. By strict attention to business, joined to good natural talents, he rapidly increased his fortune, and in a few years became the proprietor of as great wealth as the merchant he had envied so much.

As his opulence increased, his ambition increased also. He sighed for power. He wished, as he surpassed the governors of many provinces in riches, at least to equal them in authority. Prompted by this desire, he repaired to Isfahan, the metropolis of Persia. Here he collects his scattered property—he purchases a large house; he furnishes it in the highest style—he opens his store, filled it with the richest products of the east. Customers crowd to purchase, and his heart exults at the prospect of beholding himself to the highest pitch of wealth and glory.—He now begins to bow at court—he entertains the first ministers of the kingdom—he fills their ears with flattery, and their hands with presents. By them he is introduced to his sovereign.—Shaw Tahmas, having heard of Timur's wealth, affected instantly to regard him with attention. Timur, flattered by the monarch's notice, on his return home, sends a magnificent present.—Struck by this proof of a vassal's opulence, his cruel lord forms the black design of wresting it all from the hands of the unsuspecting Timur. He accordingly employs his nephew Shaw Abbas, to ascertain the extent of Timur's wealth, and the places in which it was deposited. The nephew undertakes the task: he becomes intimate with Timur: day after day he is present at his feasts—mingles in all his pleasures—and becomes the friend of his soul—the depositary of his confidence. Having finished his commission, and discovered the whole of Timur's wealth, Shaw Abbas reports to his sovereign the result of his enquiries.

Presently after, Timur is arrested by a minister of justice, and brought before his monarch. He is there accused of conspiring against government—of corrupting the nobles—and of a design in short, to depose his prince, in favour of Shaw Abbas. Witnesses had been suborned, and instructed to establish these charges—but poor Timur, thunderstruck at such accusations, and apprehending his fate to be already fixed, could only fall down on his knees, and with tears implore the clemency of his lord. Shaw Tahmas, melted at the sight of innocence in despair, and conscious, that he was about to inflict punishment where there was no crime—although he had resolved on having him strangled immediately; altering his purpose, only confiscat-

ed his goods, and sentenced him to perpetual exile. Overjoyed at finding banishment instead of death to be his lot—with a few of his jewels, which Shaw Abbas, who was at heart his friend, had privately allowed him, Timur left the great city of Isfahan, once more to begin life, in lower circumstances than when he first commenced merchant. He wandered into one of the adjacent provinces, without any motive of preference or any plan of conduct. The circumstance of having barely escaped destruction, was yet strongly impressed on his mind, and gave an elevation to his spirits. But after recurring often, the influence of this idea became languid; and the wretched Timur sunk under the double pressure of poverty and exile. Having so long lived without care or labour, the return of these became infinitely irksome. Accustomed to every delicacy that could gratify his palate, to flattery and respect from crowds, he found it extremely difficult to brook the coarsest fare, and to endure with patience both solitude and neglect. When he had leisure to revolve these things in his mind, he abandoned himself to despondence; and in the agony of his soul, was preparing to part the thread of life, with his own hand—when a secret, still voice addressed him in words to this effect: "Timur! forbear—be patient and resigned, and much happiness shalt thou experience yet on earth." Strengthened by this assurance, Timur resolved once more to reassume his former course of life—once more with activity to engage in trade, but never again to approach the palaces of royalty, or to court the smile of grandeur.

Accordingly he sold his jewels, purchased with them some camels, goods, and a few slaves and recommenced his mercantile life. He began business with spirit—his skill was increased by experience—he improved every opportunity of adding to his estate—and in a shorter space of time, than he had before passed in trade, and with less labour, he found himself possessed of nearly as much wealth, as when he had removed to Isfahan. Timur now thought, after increasing his fortune a little more, he would purchase a farm, on which he would erect buildings, plant trees, and direct at pleasure the flow of streams—that he would purchase slaves to till his grounds, whom he proposed to treat with true lenity—and that to all the country round, he he would be a father and benefactor. These thoughts occupied his mind, and often led him to bless the genius, whose whisper had promised him happiness while he was preparing to finish his own existence. Under these views, he continued to increase his property, in contemplation of a speedy retirement. But while in prosecution of business, he was one day passing an extensive plain, he was on a sudden surprised by a band of robbers, who rushed from a neighbouring wood—stripped him of all he possessed—and

left him bleeding and wounded on the plain.—It was some time after being thus left, before he gained strength enough to rise and make provision for himself. After some hours of languor stupefaction, his senses returned in some degree. He rose—to stray he knew not whither—to do he knew not what. Chance directed him to the wood, from which the robbers had issued, and brought him to the side of a cool rivulet. He was almost parched up with thirst: having satisfied this, and feeling faint from the exertions he had made, and his loss of blood, he laid himself down on some moss, to rest from fatigue, and to settle what he should do. The powers of his mind had now quite returned;—returned to shew him his forlorn circumstances, like the dim light of a taper, that but serves to shew the condemned prisoner, the horrors of his dungeon and his chains.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE RAMBLER.

—*Fultus ubi tuus
Affulsi populo, gratior it dies,
Et solis melius nitent.*

HOR.

Whene'er thy countenance divine
Th' attendant people cheers,
The genial suns more radiant shine,
The day more glad appears.

ELPHINSTON.

MR. RAMBLER,

THERE are few tasks more ungrateful, than for persons of modesty to speak their own praises. In some cases, however, this must be done for the general good, and a generous spirit will on such occasions assert its merit, and vindicate itself with becoming warmth.

My circumstances, Sir, are very hard and peculiar. Could the world be brought to treat me as I deserve, it would be a public benefit. This makes me apply to you, that my case being fairly stated in a paper so generally esteemed, I may suffer, no longer from ignorant and childish prejudices.

My elder brother was a Jew: A very respectable person, but somewhat austere in his manner: highly and deservedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a larger society, or gaining a general acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable old age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of youth came into it, succeeding him in all his dignities, and formed, as I might reasonably flatter myself, to be the object of universal love and esteem. Joy and gladness were born with me; cheerfulness, good-humor, and benevolence always attended and endeared my infancy. That time is long past. So long, that idle imaginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled, old, and disagreeable; but, unless my looking-glass deceives me, I have not yet lost one charm, one beauty of my earliest years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body just what they chuse to think me, so that to very few I appear in my right shape; and though naturally I am the friend of human kind, to few, very few comparatively, am I useful or agreeable.

This is the more grievous, as it is utterly impossible for me to avoid being in all sorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Tho' I have as natural an antipathy to cards and

dice, as some people have for a cat, many and many an assembly am I forced to endure; and tho' rest and composure are my peculiar joy, am worn out, and harrassed to death with journeys by men and women of quality, who never take one but when I can be of the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they spend at least half of the time I have to stay with them; and others are so monstrously ill-bred as to take physick on purpose when they have reason to expect me. Those who keep upon terms of more politeness with me, are generally so cold and constrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myself an unwelcome guest; and even among persons deserving of esteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident, that generally whenever I come I throw a dullness over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal stiff civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

How bitter must this kind of reception be to one formed to inspire delight, admiration, and love! To one capable of answering and rewarding the greatest warmth and delicacy of sentiments!

I was bred up among a set of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmost honour and respect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and strange vicissitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in England there was a time when I lived according to my heart's desire. Whenever I appeared, public assemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with persons of quality and fashion, early dressed as for a court, to pay me their devoirs.—Cheerful hospitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country parish as a kind of social bond between the squire, the parson, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where blest my appearance: they do so still, and keep their best clothes to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honest country folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head, and sometimes an unlucky boy will drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

Even in these my best days there were persons who thought me too demure and grave. I must forsooth by all means be instructed by foreign masters and taught to dance and play. This method of education was so contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not succeed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a very different set. They were so excessively scandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only, to despoil me of the foreign fopperies, the paint and the patches that I had been tricked out with by my last misjudging tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been used to gather in the fields and gardens; nay, they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarse and awkward. I was now obliged to spend my whole life in hearing sermons; nor permitted so much as to smile upon any occasion.

In this melancholy disguise I became a perfect bugbear to all children, and young folks.—Wherever I came there was a general hush, an immediate stop to all pleasantness of look or discourse; and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took such a disgust to me in those tedious hours

of yawning, that having transmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though it is long since I have recovered my natural form, and pleasing tone of voice. Would they but receive my visits kindly, and listen to what I could tell them—let me say it without vanity—how charming a companion I should be! to every one could I talk on the subject most interesting and most pleasing. With the great and ambitious, I would discourse of honours and advancements, of distinctions to which the whole world should be witness, of unenvied dignities and durable preferments. To the rich I would tell of inexhaustible treasures, and the sure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the best interest, and instruct the lovers of pleasure how to secure and improve it to the highest degree. The Beauty should learn of me how to preserve an everlasting bloom.—To the afflicted I would administer comfort, and relaxation to the busy.

As I dare promise myself you will attest the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be desirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in short, how I wish to be received.

You must know I equally hate lazy idleness and hurry. I would every day be welcomed at a tolerable early hour with decent good-humour and gratitude. I must be attended in the great halls peculiarly appropriated to me with respect; but I do not insist upon finery: propriety of appearance, and perfect neatness, is all I require. I must at dinner be treated with a temperate, but cheerful social meal; both the neighbours and the poor should be the better for me. Some time I must have tete-a-tete with my kind entertainers, and the rest of my visits should be spent in pleasant walks and airings among sets of agreeable people, in such discourse as I shall naturally dictate, or in reading some few selected out of those numberless books that are dedicated by me, and go by my name. A name that, alas! as the world stands at present, makes them oftener thrown aside than taken up. As those conversations and books should be both well chosen, to give some advice on that head may possibly furnish you with a future paper, and any thing you shall offer on my behalf will be of great service to,

Good Mr. RAMBLER,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,
SUNDAY.

Love and Joy. A tale.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet; the sun shone with a brighter radiance; and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed, that a lasting union should be solemnized between them, as soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time, the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astraea, with her train of celestial visitants forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her

the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to marry the daughter of Ate. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable; her eyes sunk; her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles; and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the full and unamiable features of her mother were softened with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighboring plains gathered round her, and called her Pity. A redbreast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance—but so soft and gentle a mien; that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressively sweet; and she loved to lay for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep; and she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland, composed of her father's myrtles, twined with her mother's cypress.

One day as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother, through the world, dropping balm into the wounds the made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to joy, his immortal and long betrothed bride.

NEWARK, JULY 28.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

OLIVER, a traveller sent into Persia by the French Government, has transmitted from Constantinople a large and curious collection of annals, medals and objects of natural history, which he has collected in the east. The account of his travels is impatiently expected by the literary world.



MARRIAGES.

*While dwelling on the bosom of the Fair,
What sweet sensations in the soul arise!
Can ought on earth with this soft bliss compare,
Can any vie beneath the spacious skies!*

On the 14th inst. at Wilmington, Delaware, the Rev. Mr. Clarkson, JAMES COCHRAN, Esq. member of Congress, from the State of New-York, to Miss ELEANOR P. BRADLEY, daughter of John Bradley, Esq. of Chesnut-Hill, near Christiana Bridge.

—THE MORALIST—

On the Transactions of Life—and on Mortality.

*Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea:
Some who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth and sink into a grave:
In journeys or at home, in war or peace,
By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its poison bring,
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring;
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All are subservient to the tyrant's power:
And, when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape stone, or a hair can kill.*

PRIOR.

THE miseries, to which human nature is liable, have often been the subject of contemplation. Viewing the gloomy side of the question, the feelings of a benevolent heart are apt to be exceedingly agitated.

"Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward—he cometh forth like a flower and is cut down—he flourisheth in health and vigour, but continueth not—his days pass like a shadow and he is gone—he catcheth in darkness, hath much sorrow, and returneth to his original dust, and no further remembrance of him remains."

Death is the law of our nature—the debt which all must pay, and there is no discharge in that war.—The works of nature wax old, and decay: the loftiest monuments of human art, pyramids, cities, states, and empires, have their periods, beyond which they will not endure—all things have a tendency to change; and a man among the rest of the creation, when called by providence, must submit to part with the life which was given him. The great and the good, the wise and the prudent, the learned and the ignorant, the renowned and the obscure, the prince and the peasant, are all travelling the road which leads to the grave.

The time of our departure is utterly uncertain: and the accidents which may deprive us of life, are innumerable.—An unexpected bruise, an undesigned blow, a fall from a horse, the scratch of a pin, the pairing of a nail, or the dust of a wall, may be made the instrument of immediate death—thus Anacreon the poet was choaked with a grape stone—Fabius, the Roman senator, was suffocated with a single hair in a draught of milk—Pope Alexander with a fly, which flew accidentally into his mouth—Homer died of grief—Sophocles with excess of joy—Dionæsius with the good news of a victory he had obtained—and Aurelianus in the midst of a dance.

Diseases and death, says an ingenious author, are secretly lurking every where—they are in our bosoms, in our bowels in every thing we taste, in every thing we enjoy.—We have death dwelling with us in our houses—walking with us in the fields—lying down with us on our beds—and wrapped about us in our very clothes—always ready at the divine command, to give the fatal blow. If heaven permit—Benhadad is slain in his bed—and Amnon at his table—Belshazar in his cups—the Egyptian first-born in his sleep—Saul in the field—Cæsar in the senate—Caligula in the theatre—Antiochus in his coach—Zacariah in the temple—and Pope Victor at the sacrament.

To exclude from our thoughts that which cannot be avoided, betokens a weakness and timidity which a wise and prudent man, who desires to act his part with propriety, would not indulge. Meditation on death, which terminates every scene of the short period of existence allotted to

man, in his transitory state, though gloomy, is interesting and may be highly beneficial. It induces us to enquire wherefore we were made—to ascertain the duties incumbent upon us—and to a serious and attentive practice of them. No event is more solemn and important than that which is to close the connexions of life. To prepare for this last hour is a momentous object. To be able to meet it with a composure and dignity, calmness and fortitude, should be the earnest desire, and engross the principal attention of man.

That we may have a peaceful and happy exit, when we are called to quit this mortal scene, it becomes us to renounce the pursuits and indulgences of vice and error, and to walk in the paths of virtue, which alone lead to true felicity.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

—ANECDOTE—

OF JAMES I.

IN the education of princes, the rod is not used; but that young princes should be flogged, when flogging is necessary, I conceive is neither treason to assert, nor injustice to perform. "There is no royal way to geometry," said the tutor of a prince, when desired to abridge the mode of instruction; and that a refractory prince, when at school, should be corrected by his tutor, I shall prove by an anecdote, which will serve to exhibit the character of Buchanan as a man of humor, and the degree of his veneration for royalty. Our James I, being one day at play with a fellow pupil, Buchanan, who was reading, desired them to make less noise. Finding that they disregarded his admonition, he told his majesty if he did not hold his tongue, he would certainly whip his breech. The king replied, he would be glad to see who would *bell the cat*, alluding to the fable. Buchanan, in a passion, threw the book from him, and inflicted on his majesty a sound flogging. The old countess of Mar rushed into the room, and taking the king in her arms, asked how he dared to lay his hands on the Lord's anointed. "Madam," replied the elegant and immortal historian "I have whipped—*if you please.*"

When Buchanan was asked how he came to make a pedant of his royal pupil, he answered, that it was the best he could make of him.

THE History of Newcastle, lately published, notices an extraordinary fact, which is corroborated by No. 908 and 78 of the Harleian MSS. viz. that a weaver in Scotland had had, by one wife, a Scotch woman, sixty-two children! Forty-six sons attained the age of maturity, some of whom were living at Newcastle, in the year 1630, when J. Delaval, Esq. rode thirty miles to be satisfied of the truth of the report: of these only four daughters lived to be women.



—OBITUARY—

*Happy he, who latest feels the blow;
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low;
Drag'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till dying, all he can resign, is breath.*

DIED, in Philadelphia, on Saturday last, the Marquis DE ROUVRAY, lately arrived from St. Domingo: he served as an officer in the American army last war, and being a member of the Cincinnati, his funeral was attended by all the members of the society in town.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

From the MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WASHING-DAY.

*and their voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound.*

THE Muses are turned gossips; they have
lost
The bukin'd step, and clear high-sounding
phrase,
Language of Gods. Come, then, domestic
Muse,
In slipshod measure loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded *Washing-
Day*.

—Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort; e'er the first grey streak of dawn,
The red-arm'd washers come and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, an unwanted guest.
The silent breakfast-meal is soon dispatch'd
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, oh preserve us, heavens!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short—and lien-horse by dog thrown
down,
And all the petty miseries of life.

Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the
rack,
And Montezuma smil'd on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
—But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, tho' the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus, nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious; should'st thou try
The custom'd garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse check'd apron, with impatient hand
Twich'd off when showers impend: or crossing
lines

Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose avil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites;

Looks, blank at best, and flinted courtesy,
Shall he receive; vainly he feels his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding: pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat; nor tho' the husband try,
Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious; the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early flinks away.

I well remember, when a child the awe
This day struck into me; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me
from them;

Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgencies; jelly or creams,
Relique of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one; or butter'd toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder—so I went
And sheltered me beside the parlor fire,
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watched from harm,
Anxiously fond, tho' oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravel'd stocking, might have
four'd

One less indulgent—
At intervals my mother's voice was heard,
Urging dispatch; briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and
plait.

Then would I set me down and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes thro' hallow
bole

Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles, little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant thro' the clouds—so near ap-
proach

The sports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,
And verse is one of them—this most of all.

*Bid the blest scenes of promis'd peace arise,
Heal the sick mind, and close the sleepless eyes.*

ANON.

Stanzas on Mental Peace.

ENOUGH to sorrow's rending sigh is paid,
Go pale despair, I quit thy morbid reign—
Come to my heart, thou hope inspiring maid,
And bring the guiltless pleasures in thy train.
Sweet peace of mind! thou long excluded guest,
I feel thy power, and hail thy courted sway;
Thy saving hand shall heal this wounded breast
And wipe the unavailing tear away.

No more the phantom of each waking dream,
Wastes my pale cheek and rolls my vacant eye,
Nor yet obscures the morn's benignant beam,
And bids the momentary slumber fly.

No more the efforts of the indignant mind.
With firm resolves endures the treacherous dart.
Returns with forrowing look the glance unkind.
And veils with patient smiles the breaking heart.

Nor shall hard "Memory" with destroying arm,
To the torn breast the cruel shaft restore,
That pierc'd the pulses of each youthful charm,
And sunk the treasures of the golden hour.

Nor yet shall desperate sorrow's dire extreme,
From my full soul the tasteless viands bear;
And with the temperate beverage of the stream,
Blend the deep anguish of an hopeless tear.

But cold indifference, shall to sense succumb
Thro' the brac'd nerve the vivid currents play
The brain shall cease to throb, the heart to bleed,
And pitying scorn the sneer of pride repay.

For peace is mine, which brings the soul repose
Unfulfilled truth, and virtue unsubdu'd,
The best oblivion of relentless foes,

The wish, the hope, the purpose to be good.
Then I will wreath me with the flowers of spring
To the green grove with alter'd heart retire
To thee, calm power, no wonted offering bring
And peace, sweet peace, shall tune the breath-
ing lyre.

SONG.

AT THE CLOSE OF HARVEST.
WITH thankful hearts and cheerful voice
Let all the nymphs and swains rejoice,
And singing merry make;
The plenteous harvest now secure.
Let old and young the pleasures pure
Of rural life partake.

The barns now fill'd with hay and grain,
To spend when storms of snow and rain,
Wide devastation brings;
Each breast let gratitude possess,
Each willing soul forever blest
The giver of good things.

Set round the board like christian friends
Let us partake what heaven sends,
The produce of the earth,
Let foreign spirits ne'er intrude,
To make us angry, rough, and rude,
And poison all our mirth.

The jovial song and lively dance,
The joys and human life advance,
Let no one then be sad:
Why with dull superstition's cloud,
Should we th' Almighty's image shroud,
When scripture bids be glad?

Then let the hardy jovial swain,
That lately mow'd the flow'ry plain
Unbended himself a while;
And Susan quit her spinning wheel,
And join to dance the country reel,
Forgetting all her toil.

The contemplative mind of age,
And sedate philosophic sage,
Will join the social band.
While music's most enchanting sound,
And joy and virtue dance around,
Forever hand in hand.

To a Lady—caressing her children.
SEE, where, around the lovely parent, cling
The smiling infants, her sincerest bliss,
While on their lips, more sweet than breath
spring,
She prints the softness of a mother's kiss.
A kiss, for which luxurious wealth its store,
And titled grandeur all its glittering toys,
With vain allurements, at her feet would pour
While infant innocence the boon enjoys.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the RURAL MAGAZINE
are thankfully received at the Office of
Newark Gazette, at TWELVE SHILLINGS
annum—one third in advance.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—
By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.